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THE ATTACK ON THE MEAL SHOP BY THE FAMISHING MOB.

GOLDEN HILLS; OR, SINGLE INFLUENCE:

A TALE OF RIBANDISM AND THE IRISH FAMINE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A FOOD RIOT.

Is the beginning of December, a road was to be opened in the neighbourhood of Mr. Kingston's residence. The day appointed was bleak and dismal; uniform grey clouds darkened all the heavens, while a keen east wind swept cuttingly over the country, and

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forbade all hope of a softening in the weather. The sea tossed restlessly under this fretting breeze, which was continually breaking away the crest of the surges as they rolled in-shore, checking the swell of the waves, and dashing back the ocean-spray upon itself, till the bay beneath Golden Hills was a seething sheet of foam from the contest. And the earth seemed shorn close by the same sharp wind, which took the poplars at the farm-

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yard gate where they were least prepared, and buffeted them from the east, as ordinary breezes were wont to do from the west.

Yet on this severe morning, when still twilight was not quite cleared away, numbers of people were collecting at the junction of the roads near which the work would be commenced. They sheltered themselves, poor ragged creatures, under the walls that ran laterally in relation to the wind-point, crouched in silent groups, waiting for the engineer, who should give them leave to try their weak muscles with the pickaxe and shovel. As the day advanced, some dropped off to seek food; either to their huts, where scant porridge was preparing, or to the shore, where the liberal sea daily supplied shellfish for the gathering; or, most destitute of all, to roam the fields for stray sound potatoes in the mass of corrupt roots. On a tempestuous day like the present, the ocean-waifs of weed and limpets were not obtainable without a certain amount of danger.

Anxiously was the distant road watched by the earnest eyes of those waiting. But nothing came; and they could from this point see the white way for miles lying along, intercepted occasionally by a height or hollow. Murmurs arose among them. The malcontents said it was all a "schamin' piece of rognery;" and one or two were heard to mutter hard words against Mr. Kingston.

"They don't care—not they! about oursels an' our starvin' childher: sure they're nice an' comfortable in their grand houses, an' they don't know the feel of the hunger. If they did, my hand to you they'd take more trouble to get us a bit to ate, than they do."

Thus spoke a wild-eyed haggard creature to a knot of other such; they had not yet come to the apathetic stage of their sad malady. What wonder that they were envious and rebellious? It is in peaceful plenty that the gentle virtues are elicited.

"Boys," said another, rising with excited looks, "aren't we mane-spirited to be sittin' here all day, waitin' as if for the crows to pick our bones; an' throth 'tisn't anythin' worth their trouble they'd find on mine, anyhow," he added, with a gleam of ghastly humour; "but what for are we waitin', an' the hunger-pain gnawin' us, and gnawin' the little childher—oh, boys, that's the worst of all, our innocent little childher!—when that thief Pat M'Fadden, below there, has flour an' male enough in his shop—the villain of a forestaller—to give us all enough to ate for a week?"

The hint was received in dead silence. Nobody seemed to be prepared thus openly to infringe the law; but a sudden gleam seemed to kindle in many an eye, though only for a moment.

He who had spoken first sprang to his feet. "An' if the Peelers did catch us, an' put us into prison, what could they do but give us enough to ate, at all events? That's the whole of it, boys; we don't want to harm any one, we want only some of the corn an' oats our own fields grow'd, an' we must have it, for the starvin' women an' childher, boys!"

The train was lighted. That watchword was irresistible. In a mass, the people moved towards

the village, where the meal shop was situate. The dissentients were carried along by the majority; and as they went, under the harangues of the leaders, their fury was momentarily augmenting.

"Pat M'Fadden, the villain! he hadn't a screed to his back last year, an' now he's dressed in black cloth like any gentleman! Out of the people's hunger he wrung the money, the spalpeen! 'twould be a good deed to give him a taste of the salt water."

"Ay!" cried another, "an' he refused credit to the widow Carey, whin she went to him for a hanful of male, and her little boy just dyin'!" A howl of execration followed. "Ha, boys, we'll tache him to have compassion on the orphan—won't we?"

A crowd under the influence of want is readily excited. The weakened body has thrown every mental principle off balance; the brain seems to have an affinity for fever. This mob swelled as it progressed. The news came to Golden Hills by a breathless messenger: "Oh, sir, the whole country is riz, an' are gone down to Pat M'Fadden's wid pikes, an' guns, an' scythes, an' say they'll sweep him off the face of the earth!"

Mr. Kingston was a calm man by nature; but this intelligence startled him. He could not know, for they were not yet in sight, that it was exaggerated, and that the populace were without weapons save their own famishing hands; but he had thought once or twice of the possibility of a food riot, and the awful consequences that might ensue. He pondered on the wisest course for his own conduct in the emergency: the nearest police station was two miles distant.

"William, put a pistol into your breast-pocket, and come down there with me."

Lina had heard the news, and entered the room as they were putting on their great-coats. Her heart trembled; and her father found time for a consoling word.

"Don't fear, Lina: the poor fellows are hungry, and I'll just give them a good meal all round at the soup shop. There's no need for saying a word of this to your mother."

She thought he made too light of the peril, and turned away, her eyes full of tears. Even in his haste, he would not leave her thus, but took up the telescope and made her observe through it that the mob now assembled round the flour shop were unarmed. The sight reassured her.

"And yet," said her father, in a low tone, "if there be a special Providence caring for me, Lina, as I believe there is, that Providence could preserve me as safely amid pikes and pistols as in the quietest gathering."

Another reproof to her weak faith! Lina went to her mother's room, to intercept any possible communication of the riot, and endeavoured to read aloud calmly, while her heart palpitated with anxiety to know what was happening at the village. At last she made an excuse for going to the study. Still the mob was gathered about the house, but she could observe a sensible diminution of their violence; her father seemed as if speaking to them; William stood by. A little while she watched them. Presently a fearful change came over the

scene. The door of the shop was burst open, and the meal-seller was dragged forth, amid the most infuriated gestures. Her father and William rushed forward to protect him.

Lina's eyes grew dizzy, and she was fain to take her sight from the glass. When she was again able to see, her father seemed to stand at bay in the midst of the crowd, protecting a prostrate figure. At this instant, the loud ringing of her mother's bell recalled her; and without understanding a syllable, she read to her mechanically through pages and pages, for half-an-hour, which felt like a day's length.

The noise of the approaching mob—and there are few sounds which surpass in awfulness the thunder of an angry multitude—had warned those at the shop of their danger, a few minutes before the tumult burst about them. Pat M'Fadden knew that he had given the people no good reason to love him; but heartily at this moment would he have delivered up his half year's profits—which were of no piggard value—to purchase the scattering of the mob that was rolling down upon him. From head to foot the unhappy meal-seller shook, as he heard the many voices nearing, and could distinguish his own name mixed in their yells. Every bar and bolt about the place was fastened, and furniture piled against the doors. A volley of stones shivered the glass; but the shutters within were strong. "I'll have a presentment on the county for this," thought Pat; and he was not so much concerned about the damage. He had sent his boy running over the fields to Constable Nolan, and if he could hold out till the police came, all would be right.

But like the shock of a battering-ram was the rush of the besiegers against the doors. "I have a gun," shouted the shop-keeper, "an' I'll fire through the shutters on ye!" A savage yell answered, "If you do the like of that, Pat M'Fadden, all the Peelers from Connaught to Cork won't save you from being thrun over the highest cliff in Lissard!"

"Maybe he don't know that we took the iligant messenger he was sendin' over to Nolan!" shouted another voice. At these words M'Fadden's heart grew cold. He thought of a compromise with the mob. Through a crevice he peered out, and saw the hungry half-savage faces surrounding his house. Many a misdeed, many a hard and uncharitable action rose to his memory in the light of that glance; and he repented heartily, as all men repent when evil consequences draw nigh.

There was a lull. He soon found that it was caused by the arrival of Mr. Kingston and his son. Courage kindled afresh. He could hear the clear firm tones of the magistrate addressing the crowd, telling them boldly that their conduct was illegal, and that they would suffer for it.

"But we're starvin' an' this villain M'Fadden has been makin' money of our blood an' our lives!" was the cry. Mark the culmination of evil; they had begun by intending an attack upon the shop, simply to obtain food; and now they were ripe for the most criminal revenge.

Mr. Kingston's words were soon powerless. An-

other determined rush drove in the door, weakened with previous shocks; and, after a brief search, M'Fadden was dragged from his hiding place into the open air.

"Now, you spalpeen of the world! we'll pay you what's owin' to you this many a day! Who was it raised the yellow male to half-a-crown a stone, whin 'twas only two shillings in Castlebay? Who was it refused credit to Pat Mahony, an' his family, dyin' of the hunger? Come, boys, we'll not dirty our hands wid the likes of him; but, as I said before, let's bring him to the cliff, an' hurl him over!"

The entreaties of the unfortunate man were pitiable. "Ye have my shop now," he said, "an' my flour, an' male, an' every haporth belongin' to me; what good is my life to ye, compared wid that?"

Mr. Kingston wrestled his way through the crowd. "Let him go," he ordered imperatively to those holding the prisoner; "you know that I am not to be trifled with;" and he showed a pistol in his hand. "My son and I are armed, and we will use our arms in defence of this man's life, if necessary."

The words were followed by a blow of a cudgel at M'Fadden, from some one behind, which threw him prostrate; but the crowd drew back before Mr. Kingston's determined aspect. Added to which, the main purpose of the expedition had been gained, which was the robbing of the flour-shop. Gradually the mob thinned. They began to fear the arrival of the police. An alarm spread that they were coming; which speedily had the effect of clearing the ground.

The shop had been totally cleaned out. The bins of meal and sacks of flour were empty. M'Fadden looked into his till. The money had been tumbled about, but none of it was taken; whereat he was somewhat comforted; and yet more so at the thought of the presentment he would have upon the county, to refund his losses.

Lina's thankfulness was deep when her father and William returned home in safety.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE ROAD FEVER.

THE gloomy Christmas time passed by, over the mourning land. No rejoicing heralded a new year; all men looked with fear for what fresh disaster it might bring. Stagnation benumbed commerce and trade in Ireland; all, except the traffic in food, was well nigh suspended. The Gazette teemed with insolvents; and the amount of distress among artisans, salesmen, and small shop-keepers, was incalculable.

Higher in society crept the influence of the famine. There was an interval before it was felt by the gentry resident in towns, because the peasantry had been, as it were, beyond the pale of civilization, so far as related to the ordinary mercantile transactions connecting man with man. But, as the upper classes became sufferers, their ability to support the operations of trade was lessened. Food was so high in price, that a fixed income could not be estimated at more than half its former value; while those dependent in any way upon landed estate became little better than paupers.

A gigantic system of public works was the only

enterprise that appeared to prosper throughout the country. The unparalleled spectacle of seven hundred thousand labourers supported by the state, attracted the attention of all Europe. It was calculated that, reckoning their families, the number thus dependent amounted to more than two millions of human beings.

What were these seven hundred thousand men doing? The treasure cities of Pharaoh were built by a like number. The imperial capital of Petersburg was raised from a frozen marsh by such an army of artificers. But these three-quarters of a million pairs of hands were making and mending a few hundred miles of road.

In order not to interfere with agricultural employment, the wages were fixed at twopence a day below the current rate of payment in each district. But it was soon discovered that road-work was only a species of laborious idleness; and as the peasant loved his ease better than the pence to be gained by harder exertion, he preferred a lazy fiddling with the pickaxe to the higher wage for which his sinews should strive.

"We shall be compelled to introduce task-work," said the engineer one day to William Kingston, as both looked on the scattered crowd of labourers. "Just observe that indolent fellow yonder, with the pick. He has not in ten blows broken away so much as I would in one."

To illustrate this by a practical lesson, he went over to the man, a hulking able-bodied peasant, and taking the implement from him, struck the bank with it, bringing down a quantity of earth and stones. The supplanted labourer grinned.

"Sure yer honour has twenty times the strenth of the likes of me," he whined; "sure that yellow male doesn't lave us the power of a rish" (rush); and he took up the pickaxe again, with an indolent shrug of his broad shoulders.

"But there are some really feeble, on whom task-work would fall heavily," William said.

"No doubt," rejoined the engineer; "still, it would be juster than the present system of equal compensation to the steady workman and to the idler. Positively, I consider that I am helping to deteriorate the moral principle of the labourers, by giving that impostor yonder as much wages as the pale man here at my right, who has toiled conscientiously. Not indeed, my dear Kingston," added the urbane Englishman, "that I can compliment you on the amount of conscientiousness I have hitherto found among your countrymen."

William shook his head. "They are strangely obtuse on some of the commonest principles of moral obligation," he admitted. "Ribandism is an example."

"I see it in nothing so plainly as in the ordinary transactions of this road-work: they are inherently idle and lazy, ready to take any wages, without at all considering themselves bound to yield an equivalent of labour. What do you think," he continued, breaking off the thread of his sentence—"I was told yesterday, that on a road near Castlebay, a fellow gave as a toast, 'Success to the rot;' and the sentiment was received with cheers!"

"I can only say that the evil few always make

greater stir than the well-conducted many," was William's plea.

William was employed as clerk of the works in the district surrounding Golden Hills. It entailed on him considerable labour and responsibility. The accounts alone occupied two days of each week; here Lina could help him, and was glad to lighten her dear brother's toil.

She went one afternoon to meet him as he returned home. Rosie was her companion in the walk, and Hugo bounded along before them. The day was cold and bright, without warmth even in the clear sunshine; they took a sheltered road, and went along rapidly. It was altogether a walk of duty on Lina's part; she knew that exercise was necessary, and just proposed to herself William's coming as an object of inducement.

William's car came in sight. He had brought the letters from the nearest post-town. "And there is a leader in the paper," said he, "on the efficacy of lime against the blight; and a column of receipts for making soup out of as near nothing as may be. It is amusing to read of the experiments of comfortable chemists on nutritious substances—if they knew how some of the Irish gentry are living! I went into Mr. Brooke's, at Lissard, last evening, and I found him at dinner, with his wife, on a mess of turnips and Indian meal, with a little bread!"

Lina was surprised and pained to hear of such privation. "When he spoke to me of it," added William, "he said that both he and Mrs. Brooke were providentially in the soundest health, and able to bear a little self-denial. I had no idea they had given up all the comforts of life so completely; and for the sake of such people—those who hated and persecuted him while ever they had the power."

"Dear Mr. Brooke! he will have the reward laid up in heaven," Lina said, tears brimming her eyes. "I had a note from Mrs. Brooke to-day. She says the road-fever is bad among the poor people there."

"It is spreading everywhere," said William; "I met with some cases of it to-day; exertion and starvation combined, are bringing it on the unhappy labourers."

"I hope it is not infectious," Lina said, apprehensively.

"I believe not, except to those who have the qualification of hunger," he answered. "What does Laura say?"

"One thing that I don't understand," Lina said, reading the letter as the car rolled slowly on. "She wonders whether I will be surprised to hear something about her—what, she does not specify; but only that she has written to papa."

The eyes of brother and sister met. "And here is a letter in Mr. O'Brien's hand," William said, taking it out. "It may perhaps be about business, as usual."

"O William, I would be so sorry! That old man! I am sure he is sixty; and our pretty Laura!"

"She likes wealth, and he is very rich," was the brief remark, as William touched the horse with the whip, and they proceeded rapidly homewards.

Lina sat in the dining-room, watching every sound. She heard her father come out of the study, and go to her mother's dressing-room; his step boded no good; it was heavy and displeased.

Presently she was sent for; Mr. Kingston stood upon the hearth-rug, and his face was dark. "Has your sister told you of this?" he inquired, pointing to the open letters on her mother's lap. Lina read them. One was from Mr. Aubrey, descanting on the advantages of the proffered alliance; another from Laura herself, stating that she had accepted Mr. O'Brien, conditionally on her parents' approval; and a third from the suitor, beseeching Mr. Kingston not to withhold his sanction because of the only objection—disparity of age.

"The man is fully ten years older than her father," Mr. Kingston said: "I shall never give my consent." With these emphatic words he walked down-stairs again.

"Poor dear Laura!" said Mrs. Kingston; "it is all so sudden, that I can hardly collect my thoughts enough to say whether I really disapprove. In point of money, the match is beyond what she could expect, under present circumstances; but certainly his age is against him."

Lina was recalling the picture of an evening when he had sat beside Laura at tea, and had noticed William's attention to his mother; and in her memory the contrast between the pair struck her painfully.

"How could Laura say that she will love and honour him?" were her words.

"Well, my dear, if she thinks that she can love him, really I do not see that any violent opposition should be made to the match. If your father would only consider what a heavily embarrassed man he is himself, and how little hope there is that he can retrieve his circumstances—but here he comes again. Your father is so restless, my dear!"

He said that he would not write to Laura, but would leave for Dublin himself on the next day but one. "I have an appointment to-morrow at a farm on Slievemore, otherwise the young lady would have my personal presence by return of post."

He was grave and pre-occupied during next morning's drive, though he did not refer in words to the subject of his thoughts. But the knit brow, and stern eye beneath, were sufficient intimation to William that his father's mood was gloomy.

The roads in the neighbourhood were disagreeable, owing to the various emendations in progress; short cuts were being constructed, heights levelled, and hollows filled up. If finished, all this would be improvement; at present, it was obstruction to the thoroughfare. But the only animation through the country seemed on these works. Fields lay in scores uncultivated, and the cabins were roofless and deserted.

In one more than usually lonely reach of the road, they came upon a very wretched hut. The bare blackened rafters had a covering of sods and ragged thatch over one corner; the door hung outside crookedly by the lower hinge. A cry from the interior startled them.

"Some one in the faver, sir," explained the driver; "they do be sometimes left to die by their-

selves, because of the dhread the people has;" and he ejaculated a prayer.

The cry was repeated; Mr. Kingston jumped off the car. Before he reached the threshold, a little creature appeared there, scrambling on all-fours weakly, and raised its chill watery eyes towards the gentleman. Its swollen hands on the damp ground smoked from the evaporation of fever heat.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Kingston. "Who is in there?"

The child only scrambled slowly away, as if to make room for his entrance. He stooped, and saw in the dark corner something lying on straw, which called out frantically for water—water!

"Do you know where is a well in the neighbourhood?" he asked hurriedly of the driver.

"I'll find somebody that does, sir," was the answer; and, amid incoherent blessings from the wretched being on the straw pallet, he took up the tin pannikin and went out. In a minute he returned, with a draught from the ditch close at hand. "Sure the crathur'll never know the differ, sir, an' the sooner his pain is stopped the better 'tis for him." Greedily the water was drained to its last drop.

The man raised himself, in the sudden strength of that coolness. His gaunt face had hair upon it almost as long as, the matted locks of his head. He pointed to a bundle of rags lying on the same straw heap. Mr. Kingston could perceive the great glistening eyes of another child staring out sadly. No plaint or moan from either of the little creatures; their worst weeping would have been less affecting than this still suffering.

"The mother died last week, of the hunger an' the faver together. I was workin' at the road till then, but some days I could only earn threepence, for want of the strenth. Now lave the water there anear me, good Christian people, an' shut the door tight when ye go out, for I'm afraid of the dogs!"

With horror in his voice and look he whispered the last words vehemently. Mr. Kingston recoiled. He knew that in some graveyards, bands of these animals, being left masterless to roam the country, and savage from hunger, had torn up the dead; for among a crowd of burials, there was not time to put a sufficiency of earth about the poor bodies.

They left the hovel. "It's all up wid 'em," said the servant; "the queen's palace couldn't put life in 'em now; I'd be aisy if that poor fellow had enough of water as long as he wants it. May be yer honour would take the reins, an' let me stay wid him till yer comin' back in the evenin'?"

Mr. Kingston did so. His heart heavy with an inexplicable weight, he spent the day at the mountain farm.

THE CUCKOO.

AMONG the natural phenomena which mark the return of spring, few are more interesting than the reappearance of the birds of passage. Of these periodical visitants, the cuckoo is one of the most familiar and remarkable, whether we consider the peculiarity of its song, or the strange and apparently unnatural mode of providing a nest and sustenance for its young.

"This proceeding of the cuckoo," says White, of Selborne, that prince of observers, "of dropping its eggs as it were by chance, is such a monstrous outrage on natural affection, one of the first dictates of nature, and such a violence on instinct, that had it only been related of a bird in the Brazils or Peru, it would never have merited our belief. But yet, should it farther appear that this simple bird, when divested of that natural *storgé* (affection) that seems to raise the kind in general above themselves, and inspire them with extraordinary degrees of cunning and address, may still be endued with a more enlarged faculty of discerning what species are suitable and congenerous nursing-mothers for its disregarded eggs and young, and may deposit them only under *their* care, this would be adding wonder to wonder, and instancing in a fresh manner that the methods of Providence are not subjected to any mode or rule, but astonish us in new lights, and in various and changeable appearances."

The allusion in this fine passage is to the very remarkable circumstance, that the cuckoo drops her eggs only in the nests of those birds which have soft bills and feed on insects, and, like herself, have thin membranaceous stomachs suited to their soft food; while she avoids the nests of those birds that feed on grain, and have strong muscular gizzards, which, like mills, grind by the help of small gravels and pebbles what is swallowed. The cuckoo is not so furnished, and keeps away from the birds that grind their grain.

An anatomist once professed to have discovered the cause of the cuckoo not hatching its own eggs, in a peculiar arrangement of the breast-bone and of the intestines, which must render incubation painful. Were this the case, it would only add another illustration of creative design for special ends. But more accurate observers have shown that the same peculiarities of structure are found in many birds which do hatch their eggs; and there are other parasitical birds, with no anatomical arrangements that can in the slightest degree explain their habits.

The cuckoo arrives in our island generally about the middle of April, and by the first of July has taken its departure for Northern Africa. The Bishop of Norwich, in his "Familiar History of Birds," records an instance of about forty cuckoos being congregated in a garden, in the county of Down, from the 18th to the 22nd of July, and, with the exception of two, which were smaller than the rest, taking their departure at that time.

The cuckoo, after the season of incubation, loses his well-known note, which gradually becomes more inarticulate as the season advances.

The well-known ode, by Logan, contains so many beautiful specimens of "rural sights and rural sounds" associated with the cuckoo, that hardly any lover of nature would grudge to get it by heart.

"Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring;
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers;
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood,
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring."

The note of the cuckoo, though in itself not pleasing, gives delight by its cheerful associations. If those authors who have written on the principles of taste, allow the epithet *picturesque* to be applied to objects of sound as well as of sight, the cry of the cuckoo must be admitted to be eminently picturesque, and accordingly it is introduced into all poetic landscapes of an English spring. The bird may have no star to guide its path, but is led by that surer guidance of instinct, by which "the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming."

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

ARTICLE THIRD.

THERE was a time when we English, instead of imagining our art designs for ourselves, complacently borrowed (without permission, be it understood) from our foreign neighbours. Judging from the creditable specimens of British design hung up for display in the Museum, let us hope such practices are abandoned for ever. To appropriate a design without permission is more than a meanness—it is a robbery. Looking at the free-hand drawings and study-paintings executed by pupils in connection with our new schools of design, and exhibited at the north end of the Museum galleries, we see many encouraging proofs of the good that the schools are accomplishing. Some drawings from the round are models of truthfulness: so are some coloured delineations of landscapes and still-life. Being in this vein of artistic reverie, you doubtless expect, gentle friend, that we should next glide into the Sheepshanks gallery of pictures, critically examining, and no less critically describing the treasures therein contained. No, not a bit of it. To describe a picture gallery is not at any time a small undertaking, much less when one has to view it with birds'-eye glances, so to speak, whilst skimming hastily over the treasures of a whole museum. We must give our attention, at present, to the large and miscellaneous collection known as "The Museum of Ornamental Art," chiefly contained in the northern hall, the north and west galleries on the ground-

floor of the iron building, and in the rooms under the Sheepshanks gallery. But, before going down-stairs, let us walk along the western gallery of the iron building, which is devoted to

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

The object of this department is to afford to the public, as well as to architects, artists, and art-workmen, the means of studying the architectural art of all countries and times—not as a mere archaeological study, but with the practical view of improving the art-workmanship of the present day. Casts and specimens of all the different styles and schools of architecture are arranged and classified for study, as far as possible in chronological order. The casts illustrative of the history of Gothic art are numerous, and present a most instructive series. Other styles are also well represented. There is a rich exhibition of details, comprehending figures, animals, and foliage; mouldings, encaustic tiles, mural paintings, roof ornaments, rubbings of sepulchral brasses, stained glass, impressions from seals, and of all other objects of fine art connected with architecture. To casts and specimens are added, as opportunities offer, photographs, drawings, and engravings of architectural works; the photograph or engraving giving a view of the whole structure, the casts giving the detail. To these have been added models of buildings, conspicuous among which, and most interesting of all to the passing visitor, is the original model of St. Paul's Cathedral, as designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

THE MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL ART.

We have now found our way down-stairs again, where as yet we have only examined the educational collections in the first compartment of the central hall of the iron building. Beyond this, and in the side galleries, there is a vast variety of interesting objects, which formerly used to be exhibited at Marlborough House as the Art Museum. Many additions have been since made to the collection, which includes specimens of carving in wood and ivory, terra-cotta work, glass painting, enamels, pottery and porcelain, glass, metal works, watches, jewellery, arms and armour, furniture, textile fabrics, etc.; also examples of ancient illumination, drawings, engravings, etc.

The Central Hall (north) is principally occupied by the larger objects formerly exhibited at Marlborough House, chiefly in the class of furniture. The copies from the frescoes of the loggia of Raffaele, ought more properly to have followed in sequence with the rest of the specimens illustrative of mural decoration placed in the corridor; but the height of the pilasters would not allow of their being so placed. For the same reason the colossal statue of David, by Michael Angelo (plaster cast), has been unavoidably placed in the centre of this hall. This celebrated work was recently moulded for the first time by the Tuscan government; and this cast (a present from the Grand Duke of Tuscany) will, for the first time, enable those who have not visited Italy to form a true conception of, perhaps, the most

notable work in sculpture of the great Florentine artist. At the base of this cast is a small glass case, containing a collection of original models in wax and clay by the hand of Michael Angelo, being first thoughts or sketches for several of his most celebrated works: among them a small model in wax, about four inches high, is believed to be the first thought for the statue which towers above it. These models were purchased by Government three years ago, and have been already exhibited at Marlborough House.

Among the objects of furniture, ecclesiastical and domestic, are several beautiful carved cabinets, in oak, ebony, walnut, and marqueterie of coloured woods, etc., of Italian, French, and Flemish origin, dating from the first half of the sixteenth century; coffers of mediæval date, fifteenth century; and finely-carved and gilded Italian linen-chests of cinque-cento work; a series of richly-decorated mirrors, of various countries and periods; and two large altar-pieces: the one in carved stone, richly painted and gilt (brought from Troyes, in Champagne, and dating in the earliest years of the sixteenth century); the other is carved oak, of somewhat earlier date (brought from the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent). The last two objects deserve particular attention as highly important monuments of ecclesiastical art. And the visitor will notice several elaborate specimens of wrought-iron work on a large scale, window gratings, portions of screens, gates, etc. At the end of the western gallery is an interesting object, which we single out as an example of the good services rendered by the ruling powers of the South Kensington Museum, whom we have to thank for rescuing from destruction one of the most beautifully wrought-iron gates we ever happened to see, though it has been our good fortune to see a good number. The gate in question was removed from Hampton Court, where it lay rusting. It appears to have been forged in the time of Cardinal Wolsey, by one Effingham Huntingdon, a blacksmith at Kingston. Since the operation of iron-casting came so much into vogue, those elaborate applications of wrought-iron, once so prevalent, are completely gone out. Quintin Matsys was an ornamental iron-forging of this kind, as is well known, and beautiful specimens of wrought-iron ornamentation are still extant throughout Belgium, more especially in Antwerp. I have never seen any, however, more beautiful than the gates turned out of hand by our own English blacksmiths. The parts that had rusted away have been restored in lead, and the old gate now forms a welcome ornament to the Museum.

The east wing of the iron building, that which faces the visitor on his entrance, is called the Structure Gallery, being devoted to building materials of all kinds. A court is appropriated to specimens of ornamental art manufactures in various categories—especially rich Indian tissues, Chinese and Japanese porcelain and lacquered work, decorative arms, bronzes, damascene work, and oriental art generally. Another phase of the same art receives illustration from the gorgeous examples of Siamese workmanship lately brought over by the ambassadors of the King of Siam, and lent by the Queen

to this Museum. In the same case is a sword sent by the King of Siam to Lord Palmerston, and by him presented to the Museum.



PALISSY JUG AND DISH.

In the first of the north rooms under the Sheepshanks Gallery, are placed cases containing a series of enamels, a collection of Italian majolica, of Flemish stoneware, of Sèvres, Dresden, and other porcelain, and of Venetian and German glass. An altar-piece of Della Robbia ware, bas-reliefs and medallions of the same are placed on the walls; also a series of coloured photographs, representing some of the most important works of art in the Louvre and other French collections, such as Limoges enamels, crystal gold-mounted cups and vases, ivories, etc. A large chimney-piece, brought from Antwerp, with some of the moulded fire-bricks which formed its back, and a marble Italian fountain, are fixed against the walls. In the windows are specimens of stained glass, principally Dutch and Flemish, and a collection of framed drawings, executed by ancient artists of the school of Basle, merit especial attention; they are drawings or cartoons for heraldic window-glass, chiefly of the sixteenth century.

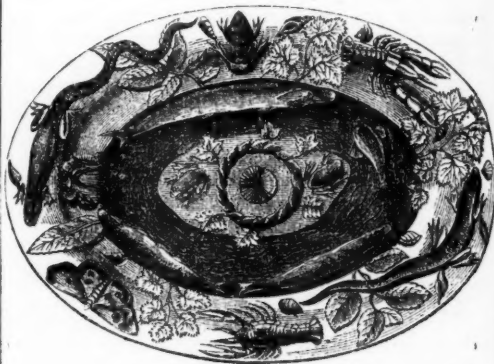
Behold yonder Venetian mirrors. Their peculiarity consists in having glass frames. Scrolls, volutes, and other ornamental forms, made of glass, being perforated, are screwed on. Upon the whole, gilt frames look more effective, but the Venetian glass frames must have been far more expensive. Perhaps the reader may not be aware of the fact that Venice was anciently celebrated for her manufactures in glass.

In the second room are cases of metal work, including jewellery, watches, armour, wrought-steel locks and keys, ecclesiastical and other goldsmiths' work;* engravings of ornament, and ex-

* Besides the permanent contents of the Art Museum, there are always on exhibition many valuable or curious specimens lent for a time by liberal private collectors. The kind example of the Queen has been well followed in this respect, and thus the Museum becomes the medium for obtaining for the people a view of art-treasures which would otherwise be hidden in the cabinets of the wealthy.

amples of illumination from MSS. of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are hung on the walls.

Wandering up and down the treasure store-house of pretty and rare things, avoiding system overmuch, yet obliged, by the very multitude of objects, to be in some degree systematic, we find ourselves among the ceramic curiosities. I am not much given to the use of hard names, and would adopt some more English word than the Greek *ceramic*, if I could lay my hand upon it. I cannot. Were I to say *crockery*, perhaps you would consider yourself warranted in excluding bricks and tiles, which would not at all answer my purpose. Well, we are amongst the crockery and ceramic ware. One of the many arts practised awhile by the mediæval monks, was the manufacture of encaustic tiles. The product was very beautiful; several manufacturers essayed to revive it, but unsuccessfully, until the achievement of the late Mr. Herbert Minton, the result of which you see yonder. Specimens of majolica tiles also demand our passing notice; but, to appreciate the use of them, and the effect which may be produced by their judicious employment, one should have wandered through the long corridors of a Valencian residence in the sultry month of July. Ornamented tiles would there be found skirting the walls, after the manner of wainscot in our own residences. Yonder are some fine specimens of the ware of Palissy, the French potter, memorable as having remained a good protestant under much persecution, as having kept his temper under the most furious attacks of a scolding wife, (wives used to scold in those days,) and not least, as having discovered the peculiar ceramic ware which bears his name. You may generally recognise it by the figures of fish



FROM THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.

and reptiles with which its surface is covered. Palissy was very fond of modelling such things, and his models are very accurate.* Madame Palissy's scolding tongue has been very much blamed; but really the husband of that lady must have been very provoking. Once, led away by his enthusiasm to try an experiment requiring furnace heat, and having no fuel, he profited by his wife's temporary absence to burn the chairs and tables. Madame Palissy might have been pardoned for scolding him a little.

* See "Palissy, the Huguenot Potter," by Miss Brightwell. Religious Tract Society.

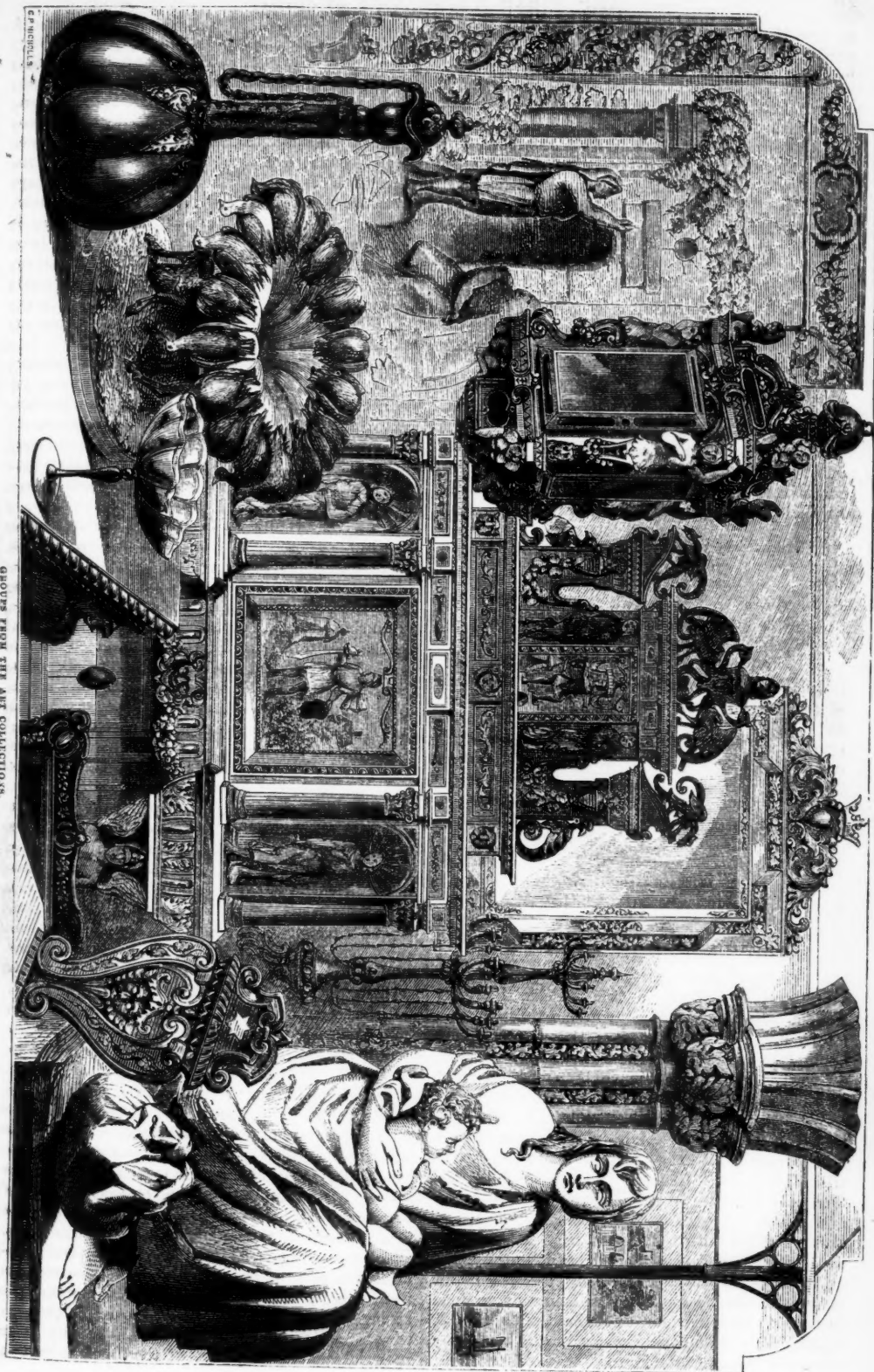
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GROUPS FROM THE ART COLLECTIONS.



Some pretty specimens of Parian ware find place in the Museum, as well they deserve. This manufacture is English. Its nature may be explained as dependant upon the fusibility imparted to clay by admixture with borax. Not only is Parian ware very appropriate for breakfast services, but also for small statuettes. The formation of Parian statuettes is, however, attended with a peculiar difficulty. The material, whilst exposed to the operation of kiln-burning, shrinks enormously, whereby the figure ultimately aimed at is likely to be more or less distorted. The ceramic wares need not detain us longer, seeing that a while ago we furnished the "Leisure Hour" (Nos. 273, 274,) with a paper entitled "Friend Aluminium's Family Circle," in which the subject of ceramic ware generally was treated.

Hark! the gong strikes. We are summoned to depart. Don't tell me we have skipped hundreds of interesting things. I know it, and cannot help it. Art is long, and time is short, and paper has limits and so has patience, and so *ought* to have one's expectations and desires. Farewell, then, for to-day, to the South Kensington Museum.

FELISXY DISH, FROM THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.



LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT.

I WAS engaged, some thirty or more years ago, in a military expedition into Arabia Felix, the recollections of which, coming upon me through this long vista of years, are so vivid, that I cannot help hoping they may possess some attraction for others, especially as encounters have been rare between European troops and the children of the desert.

We became, if I recollect right, first engaged in a contest with an Arab tribe—the Wahabees—through our ally, the Imaum of Muscat. This tribe had made frequent incursions into the territory of that potentate, carrying off the flocks, and committing great depredations. They had also made war with a Bedouin tribe in close alliance with the just-named chief; and for these and other offences, which had been persisted in for many years with impunity, the Imaum determined to attack them in their stronghold, Ben-boo-Ali, about sixty miles in the interior, on the borders of the Great Desert.

Of this expedition, as it comes not within my personal recollection, I shall only say that, though commanded by an able British officer, to whom no blame has been attached, it signally failed. About five hundred Sepoys were surprised by about two thousand Wahabees and massacred, and the whole enterprise was thus defeated. It was to retrieve this reverse of the British arms that the Bombay government resolved to send a rather formidable expedition against the offending tribe. It was, if I can rely upon my memory, composed of two European regiments, the 65th and the 47th, and of two native regiments, a force altogether of about three thousand men, with several pieces of heavy and light artillery. The command was given to Colonel Warren, of the 65th regiment.

A delightful sail along summer seas, in summer weather, brought us, in little more than a week, to the spot of our disembarkation on the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf. A little town, or rather a large straggling assemblage of huts, called Zoar, was the first habitable spot we passed through. Our first encampment was in its immediate vicinity.

Being very young at the time, I had received, somehow or other, the impression that Arabia Felix was, as the term seemed to imply, remarkable for the beauty of its landscapes. Barren mountains and arid plains, the blazing sun and interminable desert, the Arab and his troops of camels, are, to be sure, images of allurements to the fancy, that have been made familiar to us all. But I had expected that these grand naked outlines of nature and of life, picturesque as they are, would have been filled up by details of a softer charm; and my disappointment was complete. As there are no periodical rains here to refresh the earth, as in India, verdure there is naturally none, except that of the date groves, which spring up green out of the desert, and defy the heat of the sun to fade or to wither them. Plains of sand, varied only by hillocks of sand, bounded by scorched mountains of baked earth, rifted here and there by the heat into wide chasms, down which one might imagine, at one time or other, torrents had forced their way, fatigued the sight by their sterile monotony. The Arab and the vulture could alone, I thought, live in the midst of this desolation; and the latter would doubtless soon wing its flight from such sterility, but for the human carnage with which the sands of Arabia are so often moistened.

The Arab village is always built, or rather pitched, in the midst of a date grove. There was one, a little to the rear of our encampment, in which Zoar lay refreshingly sheltered. This was an attractive object, that gave relief to the eye, and afforded an extremely grateful refuge from the united power of the sun and the burning sand. Zoar, with its little circuit of vegetation, and its garden-plots, which were kept constantly irrigated by rude artificial conduits of water running in all directions from the wells, was, after our first march, as a spring of life in the waste. Two or three mud towers, and a larger construction of the same material, called the palace of the Sheikh, gave to

the place, at a little distance, an air of some pretension. The palace had been turned into a bazaar, where Scindian and Surat merchants sold shawls, attar of roses, and various valuable kinds of cloths and silks, to be conveyed thence into the interior. This close juxtaposition of barbaric splendour and barbaric rudeness—this display of some of the costliest luxuries of civilization glittering in the midst of the most primitive simplicities of life—this evidence of wealth and commerce among a people whose wants are the fewest, and whose existence is the wildest—is a peculiarity of many Eastern nations, but, more than all others, of the Arabs. The contrast it presented to the rest of the scene before us, piqued and excited the imagination very delightfully. Among the numerous huts huddled promiscuously together, the men were wandering listlessly about, with an air of indolent fierceness, or lying stretched out at length in the shade; whilst the women were mostly employed in spinning the coarse cloth of which their garments are made. Our morning walks took us frequently among the female part of the little community, who were at that early hour occupied in one of their most picturesque duties—drawing water from the wells—a task always, from time immemorial, imposed on young maidens in the East. But here the damsels wore masks, which were probably no disadvantage to them, as it kept the effect of their graceful figures, and of the stately gait they had acquired from carrying their pitchers on their heads, perfect, without counteraction from faces better left to an embellishing fancy.

Our commander-in-chief, Colonel Warren, who had brought thus far his *batterie de cuisine* with him, gave us a grand regale on our arrival. He invited the officers of the whole force to an abundant repast he had provided for the occasion. He very considerably reflected, that but for this we should have had to fast much longer than would have been agreeable. We dined pic-nic fashion. Cloths were spread on the grass under the cool shade of the date grove. Our luxuries astonished the natives, as much as we should be astonished could we witness one of the almost incredible banquets which we read of, spread by certain Roman emperors. Such feasting they had doubtless never witnessed before. But not merely the inhabitants, by their grave and watchful curiosity, but the country itself, in its waste and wild stillness, and the little hamlet of huts, disturbed by the unwanted revel, told us very plainly that mirth and laughter and jollity are altogether out of their place among the Arabs in Arabia.

Whilst we were feasting, our quarter-master and his myrmidons, with the camp-followers, who were as numerous almost as our force, were forming our encampment, or rather, I should say—for little order was observed—pitching our tents. Then intruded on the silence and solitude of nature the multilingual clamour of Babel. The Hindostanee, Parsee, Arabic, and European languages were all mixed and confounded together. The confused and varied aspects of the scene, in which the laden and unloading camel were the principal objects, were in the highest degree novel

and exciting to those who could contemplate the whole, as we did, from our pic-nic repast—the good cheer, no doubt, giving an additional zest to the strange living and moving pictures under our eyes.

In this encampment we remained longer than was at first intended, waiting to be joined by a tribe of Bedouin Arabs. We felt here as perfect a security as if we had been in garrison at Bombay; and this feeling was unfortunately carried so far, that, in order to prevent the recurrence of false night alarms, which had once or twice disturbed our camp, the pickets were ordered not to load. Our commandant remained on the beach till the Imaum of Muscat arrived, who accompanied us on our expedition.

That Arab prince and his suite soon formed another feature of the grotesque human scenery that surrounded us. His tents were pitched a good deal to our rear. They exhibited no symbol of magnificence other than their yellow fringes and embroidery, and the yellow banners that floated over their summits. But the prince himself was, on all state occasions, a constellation of splendours well worth seeing. On one of these occasions, on a visit of ceremony made to him by our colonel and his staff, he received his visitors sitting on a mat at the bottom of a moderate-sized tent. He was represented to me as a little ugly old man, of a musky complexion, much darker than Arabs usually are, profusely decorated all over with jewellery. On his turban blazed a diamond head-piece; his slippers were studded with precious stones, and his belt and the hilt of his sword incrustated with other sparkling gems, principally diamonds. He must have looked very much like a hideous idol in a pagan temple, bespangled all over with the gorgeous offerings of superstition. The usual salaams, usual pipes and coffee, received sitting cross-legged on mats, the usual silence, and the usual few words of hyperbolic compliment on presentation and on leave-taking, constituted the whole solemnity. It was the subject of talk among the natives and our camp-followers during the remainder of our stay at Zoar, and wonderful were the stories we heard of Arab wealth, Arab prowess, etc.

Thus passed our time away in a pleasant sort of dreamy wearisomeness; star-gazing at night on picket, and enjoying during the day time a *dolce far niente*; wandering among beings who had belonged hitherto, in our minds, only to fable, and listening to fables from their mouths (through interpreters), very like their own history. We were aroused out of this delicious sort of reverie by an event by no means so agreeable, but which acted as an effective specific against dreaming for the rest of the campaign.

The pickets, as I have said, were not allowed to load their pieces. Improving on this order, the captain of one of them had not suffered even his sentries to load. The consequence was fatal. The Wahabees had sent spies into our camp, and had become fully informed of the defenceless state of the outposts. Seven of these spies had been captured and hanged a few days before, by order of the Imaum. Yet no alarm seems to have been

occasioned. Taking advantage, then, of our security, and profiting by as dim a night as an Arabian sky ever affords, a large party of Wahabees, mounted on camels and horses, were borne with silent celerity over the waste; and before the moon, which rose late, could throw any obtrusive light on their movements, they were in the immediate neighbourhood of the aforesaid picket. As this outpost was composed of Sepoys, it is very possible some spy might have learnt that on this spot the very sentinels were virtually disarmed. Having left their horses and camels a good way behind, the Wahabees crept along the ground from sand hillock to sand hillock, burrowing absolutely among the sand, in which their bodies were nearly concealed. The first sentry whose eyes were directed towards them, saw only what he thought a moving sand-heap. Before he had time for closer examination, the Arab had hold of his musket, had wrested it out of his hand, and cut him down. Resistance was, of course, vain. The picket was driven in, and, with a wild "hurrah!" several hundred Wahabees followed close at their heels. They had evidently no plan of attack. It was merely one of their nightly forays of destruction and depredation they were engaged in. They fell upon the left of our camp like a sudden hurricane. All the camels or horses they encountered, they slaughtered or houghed, and every straggling man, or little throng of men, starting in affright from sleep, they met with, incurred instant death. Some of the assailants darted their spears through the tents, whilst others stood at the apertures to sabre those who attempted to escape. Several partial conflicts, however, took place, and two Wahabees were killed. Of our men, in less than a quarter of an hour, there were forty killed and wounded. Among the number of the former was a son of the celebrated James Boswell, who had a commission in a native regiment, and was much liked by all who knew him. By the time our force had turned out, the enemy had disappeared: we remained under arms for an hour or two, and from this time to the close of the expedition were fully on the alert.

[To be continued.]

JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE subject of this paper, for a man so famous in his own day, is singularly little known in ours, and he affords a memorable illustration of the very fleeting nature of earthly fame. In his own time he was the favourite of the monarch, the idol of the people, and yet, two hundred years have not elapsed ere all that is remembered of him is, that he was an unsuccessful pretender to the British crown. Monmouth was born at Rotterdam, on the 9th of April, 1649. His origin was not of the most reputable character; his mother was one Lucy Walters, otherwise called Barlow, and he is commonly supposed to have been the son of King Charles II, at that time a fugitive in Holland; but whether he was so in fact is a matter of some doubt, for this Lucy Walters, so far from being the innocent creature it has pleased some

historians and many novelists to represent her, was a woman of the most abandoned character, whose life was one of systematic profligacy, and gave rise to considerable scepticism regarding his paternity. During Charles's exile, strenuous efforts were made by his ministers to break off his connection with Lucy Walters, on account of her scandalous conduct; and at length they prevailed on her to go home to her native country (she was a Welsh woman) with an annuity of £400 per annum, and her infant. Madam, however, does not appear to have relished a country life, for she soon came to London, and received such peculiar honours from the cavalier party, that it attracted the attention of Cromwell, who sent both her and the infant duke to the Tower; but finding, probably, that they were not worth the trouble of keeping, he packed them off to Paris in the course of a few months. On her return, Charles refused to see her, and after a brief but yet more profligate course she died.

Prior to this, however, Charles took charge of Monmouth, providing suitably for him until the Restoration, when he was treated in all respects as a prince, and received a very liberal allowance. Honours and titles were heaped so thickly upon him, that within a very short time he was placed in some of the highest offices of state. In person he is described as remarkably handsome—a description fully justified by the portraits that have come down to us: great praise is also bestowed on his mild gentlemanly behaviour; of this, however, the following incidents enable us to form our own opinion, while they afford us by no means a bad illustration of the manners and customs of that age, in which the perpetration of such acts did not detract from the reputation of a fine gentleman.

Sir John Coventry, a member of the House of Commons, made a remark in a debate, which was considered to be a libel on his most gracious Majesty King Charles II; and, like most libels we hear of, its sting lay in its truth. To revenge this insult, Monmouth despatched two lieutenants of the Guards, then under his command, and thirteen men, who laid wait for Sir John, beat him desperately, and slit his nose to the bone. This occurred in December; and in the following February he again appears as a candidate for fame. On the night of the 28th of that month, he, in company with ten others, made a desperate onslaught on the watch: one unfortunate watchman was cut off from his companions and surrounded by this noble band; the poor man piteously entreated them to spare his life; nevertheless, our gallant duke and his companions put him to death on the spot.

Consolatory incidents these, to the croakers who lament "the good old times!" In this matter-of-fact age of ours, were any noble duke to assault and slay policeman A 101, in the execution of his duty, in all probability that noble duke would be hung; and I am afraid we should not see the slightest romance about the business, unless it lay in the silken halter he would be entitled to claim from us, by virtue of his rank. In those days,

however, as long as nothing was shed but plebeian blood, no great harm was reckoned; and although some folk might be so blind to their privileges as to make a fuss, still the royal pardon was generally as easily obtained as it was in this instance. Not long after, Monmouth had opportunity of displaying his courage against foes of another mettle than palsy old watchmen: he was sent with a British contingent to assist the French king against the Dutch. In this war he really displayed much courage, and won warm encomiums from that king and his generals. This, and the suppression of the insurrection of the Covenanters in Scotland, constituted the only military service of any moment Monmouth was engaged in, saving his rebellion.

On his return from France, Monmouth became exceedingly popular, and, backed by a party, began to set himself up as the rival of the Duke of York, whose Popish tendencies alarmed the nation. Most extraordinary measures were taken to get the king to acknowledge his legitimacy; but, finding Charles steadfast against all seductions, the meanest trickery was resorted to, in order to get an accidental admission of it from him; still the watchfulness of the Duke of York baffled their endeavours. The well-known fable of the black box, said to contain the contract of marriage between Charles and the duke's mother, was now widely circulated through the country; and to counteract its effects, Charles published a declaration, in which he solemnly swore he had never been married to any woman save his queen. Not much reliance is to be placed on the oaths of Charles, in a general way; but in this instance, it must be remembered that he is supported by the fact that, from the character and circumstances of the parties, it is very unlikely they would see reasons to trouble themselves with the ceremony of marriage.

The struggle to exclude the Duke of York from the throne is a matter of history on which we have no space to enter. Monmouth's conduct, however, gave offence to the king, who, attached as he was to Monmouth, regarded his brother's right as inviolable, and he deprived Monmouth of his numerous state offices. Nor were these the only marks of court dislike Monmouth received. The loyal university of Cambridge, whose chancellor he was, burnt him in effigy, and petitioned that he might be turned out of the office; the courtly Dryden wrote a poem, in which Monmouth figures as Absalom, and his adviser Shaftesbury as Ahithophel; and the second of his famous Progresses was abruptly terminated by his arrest. For all these marks of disapprobation, however, Monmouth had an offset in his popularity, which was truly astounding. When he returned from Utrecht, whither he had been banished for a short time, bonfires were lit and the bells were rung, to celebrate the arrival of the favourite. In the Progresses alluded to, he journeyed like a monarch, and received attentions usually paid only to royalty; he rode through the City, with the royal arms blazoned on his coach, without the bar denoting illegitimacy, and the most pompous speeches and addresses were got up for him.

Monmouth's fall and banishment were owing to his connection with the famous Rye House Plot. He was associated with that upper knot of conspirators, who meditated a change in the government, and who were made to suffer for the wild and desperate plans of the lower set of plotters with whom they had correspondence. We are afraid, however, we cannot give Monmouth credit for any patriotism in this: his views appear to have been purely ambitious; and when the plot was discovered, his personal interest and safety were the only things he considered. Outlawed, he fled to the seat of Lady Wentworth.

Charles, anxious to screen him, suggested that he should write him a penitent letter, which he might show to the Duke of York. Monmouth did so; and although it was a most fawning production, it appears not to have been humble enough, for it was returned to him with the draft of another, which he was to copy, in which he begs especially the forgiveness of the duke, and asserts that he is willing to adopt any way of becoming reconciled to that nobleman. In addition to this letter, Monmouth agreed to terms which no honest man could have accepted, namely, that he was to furnish the council with all the knowledge of the conspiracy he possessed; making, however, a proviso, which gives us an insight into his true character, that he should be covered with the veil of secrecy. Having made these arrangements, Monmouth was admitted to an interview with the king, the Duke of York being also present. Fully confessing his guilt, he implored the duke's pardon in particular, assuring him that, after Charles' death, he would pay him the duty of a loyal subject, and ever draw his sword in his cause. He then gave a detailed account of the whole conspiracy, only begging that he might not be called on as a witness.

Of Monmouth's sincerity in this business we can form an estimate from his diary, in which, referring to it, he records that he played his part well—an entry which leaves us in doubt which to be disgusted at most, the deceit or the impudence of the writer. For his submission he got a full pardon, and his Majesty gave him £6000.

The court broke faith with Monmouth, and published his confession in the "Gazette." This was to ruin Monmouth with the party with whom he had heretofore acted; yet, until his pardon was passed the great seal, and all secure, not a word did he utter; but no sooner were these safe, than he emphatically declared that he had made no confession, and filled the coffee-houses with his emissaries, who set forth that the proclamation was wholly untrue. This, however, only placed him between two fires; for Charles demanded that he should sign a paper acknowledging that he had confessed the plot, and angrily insisted he should appear before the council and acknowledge his signature. To refuse to do this was mortally to offend the king; to do it was to bring on himself the redoubled hatred of his party. Monmouth signed the paper, but, under the influence of the reproaches of his friends, demanded it back again, and refused to appear before the council. Charles returned it, but commanded Monmouth to retire to

the country. He went to his country-seat, and directly he got there, wrote to the king, offering to sign anything his Majesty pleased. The reply he got was a subpoena to appear in the witness-box against one of his former friends; and to avoid the disgrace and humiliation of this, he fled to the continent, and took up his quarters at the court of William of Orange. Here he remained until the death of Charles, which took place on the 6th of February, 1685. William then intimated to him that his presence was no longer desirable at the Hague, and he retired into Sweden, with the avowed intention of spending the rest of his days in quiet. There is little doubt that Monmouth was sincere in this desire. Well would it have been for him, well would it have been for the West, if he had resisted the efforts of the busy plotters who induced him to depart from it, and plan that fatal expedition which cost him his life, and entailed misery on some of the fairest spots in England.

We cannot trace him step by step in his rebellion. Sufficient it is to say, that he landed in England at Lyme Regis, on the 11th of June, 1685, with but a very small force. His reception among the common people was of a most enthusiastic nature; but the landed and titled gentry kept decidedly aloof from his cause. He encountered but little opposition until he reached Bristol, by which time his force had swollen to about 7000 men. That city was garrisoned by militia, under the Duke of Beaufort, and the fidelity of the citizens to the royal cause was uncertain. A bold leader, knowing well that a decisive blow must be struck, if his cause was to succeed, would have seized this as his opportunity. But Monmouth wavered, until Feversham threw in a body of regulars to the relief of Beaufort, and then retreated on Bridgewater.

During the retreat, a skirmish took place, called Phillips Norton fight. Feversham's army followed him closely, and encamped on the moor from which the battle has received its name, near the village of Weston, the horse and artillery being distributed among two or three of the adjacent villages. On the intelligence of Feversham's approach reaching Monmouth, he prepared to continue his retreat; but, becoming acquainted with the gross carelessness of the royal troops, it was resolved to march out of Bridgewater and attack the king's forces by night.

The scene at that camp was one of riotous debauchery of the most degrading kind: from the general who led, down to the private who followed, revelry prevailed. The officers were for the most part drunk, and the privates followed their example. Separated from its horse, with its artillery at a distance, its infantry surprised and distracted with uproar, had Monmouth possessed a solitary regiment of disciplined men, the fate of the royal army had been sealed, and from a rebel he would have been exalted to a hero. As it was, the day was lost through the obstinacy of one portion of his force, and the cowardice of the other. A broad ditch protected that side of the camp on which they were approaching. The rustic cavalry fled at almost the first volley of their confused and startled foes, and large bodies of the rear immediately fol-

lowed their example. The foot advanced bravely to the ditch, and there opened a sharp fire on their opponents; but no persuasion could induce them to cross. Through the genius of Churchill, more than any effort of Feversham's, the royal army was united; the horse were brought up; the artillery got into play; and in a few hours, notwithstanding the gallant stand made by their foot, the rebels were completely routed. Terrible are the tales told of the cruelty of the barbarous soldiery, to whom the West was for a time handed over, and whose violence was a terror to both friend and foe.

Monmouth was captured on the morning of the 8th, in the neighbourhood of the New Forest. He was in wretched condition, being almost starved. James directed that he should be instantly sent to London; and the bill of attainder passed by parliament having dispensed with the usual forms of trial, his immediate execution was ordered. Those of our readers who are familiar with Macaulay, will remember the vivid passage in which that event is described. It took place on the 15th of July, 1685. When death was inevitable, Monmouth faced it with tolerable firmness; but in the very brief period that elapsed between his capture and execution, his behaviour was most contemptible, and showed he would have considered no terms dishonourable, so that he might have avoided it. On the very day of his capture, he wrote to James, begging forgiveness, and flinging all the blame on "the horrid people who led him astray," and saying that he has from the "bottom of his heart an abhorrence for them;" and again, on the day before his execution, wanting to know "if there was no way in the world by which he could induce him to spare his life." These miserable productions may excite our pity for the wretched suppliant, whose life was so much dearer to him than his honour; but they also arouse our indignation, that so many men should have lost their lives, and that so much misery and suffering should have been inflicted on their families, for one who was so unworthy of the sacrifice.

A far gloomier after-piece succeeded when the western counties became the scene of the black assizes of the brutal judge Jeffreys—a fit instrument of the cruelty of the worst despot that ever wore the English crown. The success of Monmouth's rebellion might have saved the nation from the horrors of the closing years of the reign of James II; but we would have then been without the glorious revolution of 1688. In the course and issue of these events, therefore, we see the wisdom and goodness of overruling Providence.

THE POPE AND THE CONJUROR.

A RECENT number of the "Athenæum," in reviewing a French memoir of a professor of the art of sleight-of-hand, gives the following curious illustration of the dexterity of the operator, and of the bewilderment of the beguiled spectators. Torrini was the artist's name, or at least the name by which he was professionally known; and the scene (which is described by Torrini) took place in the Vatican, before the pope, Pius VII, and conclave.

"After having selected from my repertory the

best of my tricks, I put my brains on the rack to imagine a something which, belonging to the moment, should present an interest worthy of so illustrious an audience. The evening before that on which my show was to take place, I happened to be in the shop of one of the first watchmakers of the city, when a servant came in to inquire whether the watch of his Excellency the Cardinal — was mended. 'It will not be done before evening,' said the watchmaker; 'and I shall have the honour of bringing it to your master myself' . . . 'Tis a handsome and excellent watch,' said the tradesman to me; 'the cardinal values it at more than ten thousand francs, because, having ordered it himself from the illustrious Bréguet, he fancies it unique of its kind. Yet, what an odd thing! two days ago a mad young fellow of this town of ours came to offer me, for a thousand francs, a watch by the same maker, exactly like the cardinal's.' . . . 'Do you think,' said I, 'that this person has really any intention of parting with his watch?' 'Sure,' was the answer. 'This young spendthrift, who has already made away with his patrimony, has now come down to selling his family trinkets. He would be very glad of the thousand francs.' 'Where is he to be found?' 'Nothing easier; he never leaves the gaming-house.' 'Well, sir, I wish to make his watch mine; but I must have it at once. Buy it for me; then engrave the cardinal's arms on mine, so that the two may not be distinguished one from the other. On your loyalty depends the benefit you will draw from this transaction.'

The watch was bought by the watchmaker, who knew his customer, and on comparison bore out the description—was duly engraved by the confederate—duly sent home—and duly deposited in Torrini's pocket, ready for the trick of tricks which was to close the evening. The pope neither believed in, nor had been dissuaded by any tales of sorcery from countenancing the entertainment—feeling that, so far as sleight-of-hand went, he was a wondering layman, and the clever fellow brought in to amuse him, the priest of many mysteries. The exhibition accordingly went off capitally. "To end it," said Torrini, (according to the book,) "and by way of *bouquet*, I went on to the famous trick which I had contrived for the occasion. Here, however, I had to encounter many difficulties. The greatest of these, without question, was to lure Cardinal — to give me his watch, and that without directly asking for it. To gain my point, I had recourse to stratagem. On my asking for a watch, many had been handed to me; but I had given them back, on the pretext, more or less true, that, offering as they did no peculiarity in shape, it would be difficult afterwards to identify the one chosen by me. 'If, Messieurs, any one among you,' said I, 'has rather a large watch (the cardinal's had precisely this peculiarity), and would intrust it to me, I should accept it willingly as the one fittest for our experiment.'"

To condense here, the cardinal fell into the snare, and the conjuror examined and admired and asked questions about the cardinal's handsome watch, by way of *boniment*—the word in the French

conjuror's dictionary for the preliminary talk which is to beguile time, and put an audience off its guard. But, to return to the cardinal's watch. After praising its capital qualities up to the skies—

"'See,' said Torrini, 'a first proof of them.' And with this I lifted up the watch as high as my face, and let it fall on the *parquet*. There was a cry of fright on every side. The cardinal, pale and trembling, got up. 'Sir!' said he, with ill-restrained anger, 'what you have done is an extremely bad joke!'"

But worse was to come for the poor cardinal, who set such store on his Bréguet. Torrini stamped on the case, crushed it in pieces, and took up only a shapeless mass. The cardinal was in a rage; his watch (a chronometer, too!) was the only watch of the sort ever made; and Torrini handed about the heap of broken metal, that all might be sure that the broken heap *was* the cardinal's watch of watches.

"The identity of the cardinal's watch proved, the next feat was to get the real one into the pope's pocket. But there was no thinking of such a thing so long as his Holiness remained seated. Some expedient for getting him out of his chair must needs be found. I had the good luck to find one. They brought me in a huge mortar and pestle, put it on the table, into which I flung the wrecks of the chronometer, and began to pound them with all possible fury. Suddenly, a slight explosion was heard, and from the bottom of the vessel came up a reddish flame, which gave the scene an appearance of real magic. All this time, leaning over the mortar, I pretended to look in, and exclaimed to myself at the wonderful things I saw there. Out of respect to the pope, no one rose; but the pontiff, giving way to curiosity, at last approached the table, followed by some of the audience. . . . 'I do not know to what I am to attribute the bewilderment I feel,' said his Holiness, 'but I can see nothing.' It was the same with myself; but so far from owning it, I beg the pope to come round the table, to the side the most favourable for seeing that which I announce. During this evolution I slip into the pocket of the holy father the cardinal's watch. The experiment went on, the watch in the mortar was broken, melted, and reduced to the form of a little ingot, which I handed round to the company. 'Now,' said I, secure of the result I was about to obtain, 'I am going to restore this ingot to its primitive form, and this transformation shall take place during the passage it is about to make hence to the pocket of the person in this company the least to be suspected of confederacy.' 'Ah! ah!' cried the pope, in a jovial humour, 'this gets stronger and stronger. But what *would* you do, Mr. Sorcerer, if I were to demand that it should be in *my* pocket?' 'His Holiness has only to order, to have his wish obeyed.'"

The ingot was again displayed—of course instantaneously hidden (as conjurors can hide any small matter). Torrini cried "Pass!" and lo! the cardinal's chronometer in the pope's pocket—safe and sound. The next day the sorcerer received a diamond snuff-box.

VARIETIES.

THE "BRADSHAW" OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—One of the most remarkable features of the old road-books was the frequency with which gallows and gibbets were referred to as road-marks. Here are a few instances:—"By the Gallows and three Windmills Enter the Suburbs of York. Leaving the forementioned Suburbs (Durham) a small Ascent, passing between the Gallows and Crookhill. You pass through Hare Street, &c., and at 13.4 part of Epping Forest, with a Gallows to the left. You pass by Pen-menis Hall, and at 250.4 Hildraught Mill, both on the Left, and ascend a small Hill with a Gibbet on the Right. At the end of the city (Wells) you cross a Brook, and pass by the Gallows. At 2.3 leaving the acute way on the right to Towting, Ewel, &c., just at the Gallows, or Place of Execution of Malefactors, Convicted at Southwark. At 8.5 you pass by a Gallows on the left, and at 10.2 enter Croydon. A small Rill, with a Bridge over it, called Felbridge, separating it from Surrey, whence by the Gallows you are conveyed to East Grinstead. Leaving Peterborough you pass the Gallows on the left. You leave Frampton, Wilberton, and Sherbeck, all on the Right, and by a Gibbet on the Left, over a Stone Bridge. Leaving Nottingham you ascend a Hill, and pass by a Gallows. From Bristol, through St. John's Gate, and over From Bridge, you go up a steep ascent, leaving the Gallows on your right. You cross the River Saint, leaving the Gallows on the Left, and enter Caernarvon." These hideous instruments of death standing by the highway awoke terror in the breast of the traveller. Meeting only a few persons upon the road, he saluted and passed them with suspicion, and feared every one he met as one who might be a robber or a murderer. On the road from London to East Grinstead, a distance of twenty-six miles, there were no less than three of those unsightly contrivances. In Bewick's works upon Birds and Quadrupeds, whenever that eminent naturalist and artist introduced an illustration of English scenery, a gibbet was almost certain to be included as one of the characteristics of the "picturesque."—*Philp's "History of Progress in Great Britain."*

THE WORK OF ENGLISH NAVVIES.—It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the immense quantity of earth, rock, and clay that has been picked, blasted, shovelled, and wheeled into embankments by English navvies during the last thirty years. On the South Western Railway alone, the earth removed amounted to sixteen millions of cubic yards—a mass of material sufficient to form a pyramid 1000 feet high, with a base of 150,000 square yards. Mr. Robert Stephenson has estimated the total amount on all the railways of England as at least 550,000,000 of cubic yards! And what does this represent? "We are accustomed," he says, "to regard St. Paul's as a test for height and space; but by the side of the pyramid of earth these works would rear, St. Paul's would be but a pigmy to a giant. Imagine a mountain half a mile in diameter at its base, and soaring into the clouds one mile and a half in height—that would be the size of the mountain of earth which these earth-works would form; while St. James's Park, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace, would scarcely afford space for its base." All this vast mass has been removed by English navvies—perhaps the hardest workers in the world.—*Quarterly Review.*

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.—Let Christians whose circumstances are comfortable and easy, seek out, pity, and help their afflicted and care-worn, but consistent, brethren and sisters. There can be no doubt, Christian, but that in the path of your every-day life some poor halting or wounded fellow traveller is to be found. Do you know this, and have you "passed by on the other side?" Oh you that dwell in splendid houses, with hoarded treasures increasing every year, and many others in easy circumstances, can you see your fellow Christian struggling with poverty, sickness, or difficulties, when a small loan or gift which you could well

spare, would be a little salvation to him, and yet withhold it? If such cases were searched out and attended to, we are sure this would be acceptable to God. Far be it from me to say a word against societies—would that still more was done for them; but many who give to these institutions do not, we fear, cultivate the practice of that individual sympathy, which assuredly is the first duty. Is there not also a fear, in this day of societies, of benevolence becoming far too mechanical?—"Sketches and Lessons from Daily Life," by Felix Friendly.

THE FIRST BREATH OF THE STEAM-PRESS.—Having taken his measures for securing the receipt of early intelligence, Walter began to be impatient at the slowness of the process by which it was issued out to the public, and, for some time after 1804, had been in silent confederacy with an ingenious compositor, named Thomas Martyn, who had been visited with an idea of the practicability of working the press without manual labour. So violent was the opposition of the pressmen to any scheme of the kind, that the experiments were all to be made in the greatest secrecy; but the enterprise came to a deadlock for want of funds; the old logographic printer, who was still the principal proprietor, coming to a resolution to advance no more money for the purpose. Still, his son, the manager, cherished the idea, and, in the year 1814, gave an opportunity to Frederick Koenig, a Saxon printer, and his friend Bauer, of maturing a scheme which they had in their heads. The machinery was set up in secrecy and silence; a whisper that something was going on had got among the printers, and they had not scrupled openly to declare that death to the inventor and destruction to his machine awaited any attempts to introduce mechanism into their trade. At last all was ready for the experiment; the pressmen were ordered to await the arrival of the foreign news, when, about six o'clock in the morning, Walter entered the room, and announced to them that the "Times" was already printed—by steam! He then firmly declared that, if they attempted violence, he had sufficient force at hand to repress it; but that, if they behaved quietly, their wages should be continued to them till they got employment. The men wisely saw that resistance would only lead to their ruin, and gave in to the power of steam. On that morning, the 29th of November, 1814, the readers of the "Times" were informed that the "journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the 'Times' newspaper, which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch."—*The History of British Journalism,* by Alexander Andrews.

THE TURNING-POINT OF LIFE.—Lady Huntingdon, one evening, was on her way to a brilliant assembly, when suddenly there darted into her soul these words—"Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever;" which she had committed to memory, years before, in learning the Westminster Shorter Catechism. From that hour, her whole life revolved round a new centre. The guilty, trembling sinner—hitherto occupied with her poor self—gazed on the face of Him who had died for her; and, as she gazed, her conscience found peace, and her heart a satisfying rest. Her whole future life became one "living sacrifice." Into the future of William Bate the same mainspring was now imported. Before, he had won all hearts by his warm, affectionate, open, manly bearing; but now a new radiance was to be shed over all, at once within and around him. "Love," it has been said, "love to the Lord, alone is life;" that love was now to brighten a path which had for a time little else to light it up.—*Memoir of Captain Bate, R.N.*